

Army Songs
Pete Sager
collector
Engineers
SONG BOOK

CLS



The Engineer Mess
Fort Humphreys, Virginia
1932

INDEX

	<i>Page</i>
Let's Go	1
Benny Havens	1
Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag	2
Auld Lang Syne	2
There's a Long, Long Trail	2
Where Do We Go From Here Boys	3
Tipperary	3
Keep The Home Fires Burning	3
Smiles	3
Oh How I Hate To Get Up	3
Hail, Hail The Gang's All Here	4
Quand Madelon	4
Hinky Dinky Parlez-vous	4
Uncle Sam's Engineers	6
I Saw Them	6
The Infantry Song	8
Artillery Song	8
There's A Hole In The Bottom The Sea	9
The Old Grey Mare	10
How The Money Rolls In	10
The Yellow Ribbon	10
Glasses Aweigh	11
No Tengo	11
Payday Song	11
Zamboanga	11
Old King Cole	12
British Army Song	12
Old Soldiers Never Die	13
Brother Noah	13
A Filipino Family	14
That's Where My Money Goes	15
For Seven Long Years, or The Wide Missouri	15
A Helluva Engineer	16
Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir	17
Filial Joy	18
War Risk Insurance	19
Caviar To The General	19

LET'S GO

Music by *Colonel E. M. Markham*

Words by *Lieutenant E. J. Peterson*

We've heard of dusty doughboys,
And the caissons rolling long,
The charge of dashing cavalry,
The aviators songs,
We're small in size, but we compromise,
The gang that goes before;
The last long mile
Just makes us smile,
We're the Engineers—The Corps.

Chorus.

The En—gi—neers, The Pi—o—neers
The Corps—The Corps—The Corps

Our work is oft done crudely,
With rock or steel or wire,
But we get there just the same,
We play a he-man's game.
Our place must be where shell is hot
To make our way less slow;
We will hold our stride,
Our punch, our pride;
All you Engineers—LET'S GO!

Chorus:

BENNY HAVENS

Come fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row,
To singing sentimentally, we're going for to go:
In the Army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

Chorus

Oh! Benny Havens, Oh! Oh! Benny Havens, Oh!
We'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

May the Army be augmented, may promotion be less slow,
May our country in the hour of need be ready for the foe:
May we find a soldier's resting place beneath a soldier's blow,
With room enough beside our graves for Benny Havens, Oh!

When you and I and Benny, and all the others too,
Are called before the final board, our course in life to view,
May we never "fess" on any point, but straight be told to go
And join the army of the blessed at Benny Havens, Oh!

**"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN
YOUR OLD KIT-BAG"**

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld - ae - quaint - tance be for - got,
And nev - er bro't to mind?
Should auld - ae - quaint - tance be for - got,
And days of auld lang syne?

REFRAIN

For auld - lang - syne, my dear,
For auld - lang - syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet
For auld - lang - syne.
We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn
Frae morn - in' sun till dine,
But seas be- tween us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld - lang - syne.
And here's a hand, my trust - y frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet,
For auld - lang - syne.

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL"

There's a long, long trail awinding, into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing and the white moon beams,
There's a long, long night of waiting, until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down that long, long trail with you.

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE BOYS"

Where do we go from here boys, where do we go from here,
Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier,
When Pat would spy a pretty girl, he'd whisper in her ear,
Oh Joy, Oh Boy, where do we go from here.

(Second Chorus)

Where do we go from here boys, where do we go from here,
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill, and make him shed a tear,
Oh Joy, Oh Boy, where do we go from here.

"TIPPERARY"

Its a long way to Tipperary, Its a long way to go,
Its a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know,
Good-by, Piccadilly, Fare-well Leicester Square,
Its a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.

"KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING"

Keep the home fires burning, While your hearts are yearning,
Tho' your lads are far away, They dream—of—home,
There's a silver lining, Thru the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark clouds inside out, Till the boys come home.

"SMILES"

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles, That steal away the tear-drops,
As the sun-beam steals away the dew;
There are smiles that have a tender meaning,
That the eye of love alone can see,
And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you gave to me.

"OH HOW I HATE TO GET UP"

Oh how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh how I'd love to remain in bed.
For the hardest blow of all is to hear the bugler call,
You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
You've got to get up this morning"
Some day I'm goin to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead
I'll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed

HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Hail! Hail! the gang's all here,
What the hell do we care?
What the hell do we care?
Hail! Hail! the gang's all here,
What the hell do we care now?

QUAND MADELON

Quand Madelon vient nous servir a boire,
Sous la tonnelle on frole son jupon,
Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
Une histoire a sa facon,
La Madelon pour nous n'est pas severe,
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
Elle rit, c'est tout l'mal Qu'el'sait faire,
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.

HINKY-DINKY, PARLEZ-VOUS

The Infantry went over the top, parlez-vous,
The Infantry went over the top, parlez-vous,
The Infantry went over the top,
The cooties wouldn't let them stop,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Cavalry say they won the war, parlez-vous,
The Cavalry say they won the war, parlez-vous
The Cavalry say they won the war,
Shooting craps on the stable floor,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Field Artillery shot awhile, parlez-vous,
The Field Artillery shot awhile, parlez-vous,
The Field Artillery shot awhile,
But missed the target about a mile,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Air Service went over to France, parlez-vous,
The Air Service went over to France, parlez-vous,
The Air Service went over to France,
To teach the nurses how to dance,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Coast Artillery got there in time, parlez-vous,
The Coast Artillery got there in time, parlez-vous,
The Coast Artillery got there in time,
To grease their guns behind the line,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Medicos they won the war, parlez-vous,
The Medicos they won the war, parlez-vous,
The Medicos they won the war,
With C. C. Pills and the Nurse's Corps,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Engineers got over there, parlez-vous,
The Engineers got over there, parlez-vous,
The Engineers got over there,
To build a road most anywhere,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The General Staff they fought the war, parlez-vous,
The General Staff they fought the war, parlez-vous,
The General Staff they fought the war,
Touring around in a motor car,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The A.E.F. had to come back, parlez-vous,
The A.E.F. had to come back, parlez-vous,
The A.E.F. had to come back,
'Cause the Y.M.C.A. got all their jack,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The General got the croix de guerre, parlez-vous,
The General got the croix de guerre, parlez-vous,
The General got the croix de guerre,
The son-of-a-gun was never there,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Colonel got the D.S.M., parlez-vous,
The Colonel got the D.S.M., parlez-vous,
The Colonel got the D.S.M.,
Signing his name with a fountain pen,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The Major got the D.S.C., parlez-vous,
The Major got the D.S.C., parlez-vous,
The Major got the D.S.C.,
For valorous conduct in gay Paree,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

The mademoiselles of France are fine, parlez-vous,
The mademoiselles of France are fine, parlez-vous,
The mademoiselles of France are fine,
But give me an American girl for mine,
Hinky-Dinky, parlez-vous.

UNCLE SAM'S ENGINEERS

(Air: The Old Grey Mare)

Uncle Sam, when he gets his Infantry,
He gets his Cavalry, He gets Artillery,
Then, by Gosh, we'll all go to Germany,
God help Kaiser Bill.

1st Chorus:

God help Kaiser Bill.
God help Kaiser Bill.
Uncle Sam, when he gets his Infantry,
He gets his Cavalry, He gets Artillery,
Then, by Gosh, we'll all go to Germany,
God help Kaiser Bill.
Uncle Sam, when he gets his Infantry,
He gets his Cavalry, He gets Artillery,
And wants a Road built right into Germany,
Sends for his Engineers.

2d Chorus:

Sends for his Engineers.
Sends for his Engineers.
Uncle Sam, when he gets his Infantry,
He gets his Cavalry, He gets Artillery,
And wants a Road built right into Germany,
Sends for his Engineers.
Uncle Sam, when he wants his bridges built,
He wants his railways laid, He wants his trenches made,
And wants a damn good, all round fighting man,
He sends for his Engineers.

2d Chorus:

I SAW THEM

If you want to know where the Privates are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.
If you want to know where the Privates are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Up to their necks in mud, mud, mud.

Chorus:

I saw them, I saw them,
Up to their necks in mud.
I saw them, up to their necks in mud.

If you want to know where the Corporals are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.

If you want to know where the Corporals are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Fixing up the old barb wire, wire, wire.

If your want to know where the Sergeants are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.

If your want to know where the Sergeants are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Drinking up the Private's rum, rum, rum.

If you want to know where the Officers are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.

If you want to know where the Officers are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Down in the deep dug-out, dug-out.

If you want to know where the Generals are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.

If you want to know where the Generals are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Back in gay Paree, Paree.

If you want to know where the Aviators are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.

If you want to know where the Aviators are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Back in the S.O.S.

If you want to know where the Cav'lrymen are,
I'll tell you where they are;
Tell you where they are;
Yes, tell you where they are.

If you want to know where the Cav'lrymen are,
I'll tell you where they are.
Back in the U.S.A.

THE INFANTRY SONG

The Infantry, the Infantry, they always march in step.
The Infantry, the Infantry, the boys that have the pep.
Out of the trench and over the top, with bayonet and bomb,
Where you find the Infantry, the enemy are from.

Chorus:

The Infantry, the Infantry, with dirt behind the ears,
The Infantry, the Infantry, they've never met their peers.
The Cavalry, Artillery and digging Engineers,
Could 'nt keep up with the Infantry in a hundred thousand years.
The Infantry, the Infantry, they plough through dirt and mire.
The Infantry, the Infantry, they never seem to tire.
When other men are stopping and resting for the night,
The Infantry is plodding on and getting ready to fight.
The Infantry, the Infantry, looks snappy on parade,
The Infantry, the Infantry, of nothing is afraid,
Of bombs and shells, unearthly yells, of cannon or of girls,
No matter if their hair is bobbed or worn in shining curls.
The Infantry, the Infantry, they won the war in France,
They fought the Boche, the heathen Chink, the painted yelling
[Sioux,
They are ready to fight the damndest thing that you will lead
[them to.

ARTILLERY SONG

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail,
And our caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout;
"Counter march" and Right about"
And the caissons go rolling along.
Then its hi, - hi, - hee! in the Field Artillery.
Shout out your numbers good and strong,
Where e'er you go, you will always know,
That those caissons go rolling along;

"KEEP THEM ROLLING"

And those caissons go rolling along.
Thru' the storm, thru' the night,
Up to where the doughboys fight:
All our caissons go rolling along.

At the zero hour, we'll be there,
Answering every call and flare;
And our caissons go rolling along,
Then its hi, - hi, - hee! in the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers good and strong,
Where e'er you go, you will always know,
That those caissons go rolling along;
 'KEEP THEM ROLLING'
And those caissons go rolling along.

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

1. There's a hole in the Bottom of the Sea.
There's a hole in the Bottom of the Sea.
There's a hole in the Bottom of the Sea.
There's a hole in the Bottom of the Sea.
- 1st Chorus: There's a hole, There's a hole,
There's a hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a hole, There's a hole,
There's a hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
2. There's a whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
- 2d Chorus: There's a whale, There's a whale,
There's a whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a whale, There's a whale,
There's a whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
3. There's a tail on the whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a tail on the whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a tail on the whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a tail on the whale in the hole in the Bottom of the Sea.
- 3rd Chorus: There's a tail, there's a tail,
There's a tail, on the whale in the hole in the Bottom
[of the Sea
There's a tail, there's a tail,
There's a tail, on the whale in the hole in the Bottom
[of the Sea
4. There's a pimple on the tail on the whale in the hole in the
[Bottom of the Sea,
There's a pimple on the tail on the whale in the hole in the
[Bottom of the Sea,

There's a pimple on the tail on the whale in the hole in the
[Bottom of the Sea,

There's a pimple on the tail on the whale in the hole in the
[Bottom of the Sea,

4th Chorus: There's a pimple, There's a pimple,
There's a pimple on the tail on the whale in the hole
[in the Bottom of the Sea,
There's a pimple, there's a pimple,
There's a pimple on the tail on the whale in the hole
[in the Bottom of the Sea,

THE OLD GREY MARE

The old grey mare ain't what she used to be,
Ain't What she used to be; ain't what she used to be;
O, the old grey mare ain't what she used to be
Twenty years ago.
Twenty years ago, twenty years ago;
O, the old grey mare ain't what she used to be
Twenty years ago.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father's an apple pie baker,
My brother sells whiskey and gin,
My sister works nights for a living,
My gosh how the money rolls in.

THE YELLOW RIBBON

And on her hat she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in September and in the month of May,
And when they asked her why the Heck she wore it,
She wore it for her lover, who was far away.

Chorus

Far away, far away,
She wore it for her lover,
Who was far, far away.

And in the spring she pushed a baby carriage,
She pushed it in September and in the month of May,
And when they asked her why the Heck she pushed it,
She pushed it for her sister who was far, far away.

GLASSES AWEIGH

Stand Army to the bar,
Glasses raised on high
We'll never pay the bill,
So Navy you must buy, buy, buy-y.
Drink down the beer, Army,
Down Scotch and rye,
Stand Army to the bar,
And drink the Navy, drink the Navy dry.

NO TENGO

No tengo dinero
No tengo papel
No tengo tobacco
Gosh darn it to Hell.

PAY DAY SONG

Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the infantry,
He pays the cavalry, he pays the artillery,
And then, by gosh, he closes the Treasury,
To hell with the engineers.

ZAMBOANGA

Oh the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga
Oh the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga
Oh the monkeys have no tails
They were bitten off by whales.
Oh the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga
Oh the birdies have no feet in Ilo-Ilo
Oh the birdies have no feet in Ilo-Ilo
Oh the birdies have no feet
They were burned off by the heat
Oh the birdies have no feet in Ilo-Ilo
Oh the carabaos have no hair in Mindanao
Oh the carabaos have no hair in Mindanao
Oh the carabaos have no hair
Judas Priest but they are bare
Oh the carabaos have no hair in Mindanao
Oh we'll all go up to China in the Springtime
Oh we'll all go up to China in the Springtime
Oh we'll all go up to China
On a transport or a liner
Oh we'll all go up to China in the Springtime

OLD KING COLE

1st Verse

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl.
And he called for his privates three.

1st Chorus

"BEER, BEER, BEER," said the privates,
"Merry men are we,
There's none more fair as can compare
With the Field Artilleree."

8th Verse

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his Generals, three.

8th Chorus

"THE ARMY'S GONE TO HELL" said the Generals,
"WE WANT BETTER COMMANDS" said the Colonels,
"WHERE THE HELL ARE MY BOOTS" said the Majors,
"WE WANT THREE MONTHS LEAVE" said the Captains,
"WE DO ALL THE WORK" said the subalterns,
"FOURS RIGHT, RIGHT BY FOURS" said the sergeants,
"ONE TWO, ONE TWO, ONE" said the corporals,
"BEER, BEER, BEER," said the privates,
"Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Field Artilleree."

BRITISH ARMY SONG

(Tune — Old Hymn)

1

Only one more drop of water,
Only one more hunk of bread,
Only one more tin of bully,
And we'll all be damn near dead.

Refrain

When this bloody war is over,
Oh, 'ow 'appy I shall be;
When I get my civvie clothes on,
No more soldiering for me.

2

Only one more vaccination,
 Only one more church parade,
 Only one more kit inspection,
 And we'll cross the ocean wave.

3

Only one more demonstration,
 Only one more conference,
 Only one more month's vacation
 Engineer School's in the past tense.

4

Only one more bill in Congress,
 Only one more hope of pay,
 Only one more year or longer,
 We'll not see that happy day.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

(With intense feeling)

Old soldiers never die,
 Never die, never die,
 Old soldiers never die,
 They simply fade away.
 (Repeat ad nauseum.)

BROTHER NOAH

Brother Noah! Brother Noah!
 Can I come into the Ark of the Lord,
 For it's getting very dark,
 And it's raining very hard,
 Tra la lu! Tra la lu! Tra la lu ya!
 Young fellow! Young fellow!
 You can't come into the Ark of the Lord,
 Tho it's getting very dark,
 And it's raining very hard,
 Tra la lu! Tra la lu! Tra la lu ya!
 Go to Hell then! Go to Hell then!
 Go to Hell with your damned old leaky scow
 Though it's getting very dark,
 It wont rain anyhow
 Tra la lu! Tra la lu! Tra la lu ya!

It's a lie sir! It's a lie sir!
It's sprinkling now, and you know damn well
In an hour or so
It'll rain like Hell.
Tra la lu! Tra la lu! Tra la lu ya!

A FILIPINO FAMILY
(Tune—A Gay Caballero)

1

There once was a Filipino hombre
Who ate rice, pescado y legumbre,
His trousers were wide, his shirt hung outside,
And this I say was costumbre.

2

He lived in a nipa bahay
Which served as a stable and sty;
He slept on a mat with the dogs and the cat
And the rest of the family near by.

3

His daddy un buen Filipino,
Who never mixed tubig with vino,
Said "I am no insurrecto, no got gun or bolo,"
Yet used both to kill a vecino.

4

His mujer once kept a tienda
Underneath a large stone hacienda,
She chewed buyo, and sold for jawbone and gold
To soldiers who said "no inienda."

5

Of ninos he had dos or tres,
Good types of the Tagalog race,
In dry or wet weather, in the all-together,
They'd romp and they'd race and they'd chase.

6

Su hermana fue lavendera,
And slapped clothes in fuerte manera
On a rock in the stream, where the carabaos dream,
Which gave them a perfume lijera.

His brother, who was a cochero
 Buscare in Manila dinero;
 His prices were high when a cop was near by
 To help scare the poor pasajero.

He once owned a bulic manoc,
 With a haughty and valorous look,
 Which lost him a name, y mile pesos tambien,
 So he changed to Monte for luck.

When his pueblo last had a fiesta,
 Su familia tried to digest a
 Mule that had died of glanders inside,
 And now the familia no esta.

THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES

I know a gal I do,
 Her name was Slue Foot Sue
 She was Chief Engineer of a shirt tail laundry
 Down at the River Front View
 Her form was all she had
 A face like a soft shelled crab
 Every night she would hustle
 With a feather in her bustle
 Oh! By golly she was bad.

Chorus

That's where my money goes
 To buy my baby clothes
 I buys her everything
 To keep her in style
 She's worth her weight in gold
 My coal black baby rose
 Oh boy that's where my money goes.

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS

or

THE WIDE MISSOURI

For sev'n long years I courted Nancy,
 Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
 For sev'n long years I courted Nancy,
 Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri

She would not have me for a lover,
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
She would not have me for a lover,
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri

And so she took my fifteen dollars,
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
And so she took my fifteen dollars,
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri

And then she went to Kansas City,
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
And then she went to Kansas City,
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri

She must have had another lover,
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
She must have had another lover,
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri

I'm drinkin' rum and chawin' tobacco,
Hi! Oh! The rolling river!
I'm drinkin' rum and chawin' tobacco,
Ha! Ha! I'm bound away for the wide Missouri

A HELLUVA ENGINEER

Come, all you gallant soldiers, and the story you shall hear;
Of the trials and tribulations of an army engineer,
Like every honest soldier, he took his whiskey clear,
Till General Scott said "You shall not touch whiskey, wine or
[beer.]"

Chorus

He's a helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva engineer,
A rambling skate from any old state, and nothing does he fear;
He tried to do his duty and he tried to do it well,
But the captain and the sergeant and the corporal gave him
[hell.

They took him on the parade ground to march, to rush, to crawl;
The first was bad, the next was worse, the last was worst of all;
He bruised his belly on a tack, he tore it on a nail;
He'd have made a damn good lizard if he'd only had a tail.

They took him to the rifle range to learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze, the enemy to kill;
His rifle kicked him in the jaw—he missed the bull a mile,
For the chow shack is the only place that he shows any style.

The doctor looked him over and the doctor grinned with glee,
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on my large
[squeegee]"
With fifty million typhoid bugs patrolling through his blood,
They shot in fifty million more, and then his name was MUD.

ABDULLAH BUL-BUL AMIR

Oh the sons of the prophet were valiant and brave
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the shah,
Was Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir

When they needed a man to encourage the van
Or harass the foe in the rear,
Or storm a redoubt, they had only to shout
For Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

There are men of renown and well known to fame
In the army that's lead by the czar,
But the best known of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on a Spanish guitar;
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

One day this bold Russian he shouldered his gun
And with his most truculent sneer
Was looking for fun when he happened to run
Upon Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

"Young man," said Bul-Bul, "is existence so dull
That your anxious to end your career?
For infidel know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will avail you but little I fear,
For you never will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

"O, take one last look at this cool shady nook,
And send your regrets to the czar,
By which I imply you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Petrovsky Skivar."

Then this haughty Maineluke drew his trusty skibouk,
And shouting, "Allah Akbar,"
And on murder bent he ferociously went
For Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

As Abdullah's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact as he shouted, "Huzzah,"
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,
Count Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

The Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir.

Czar Petrovich too, in his uniform blue.
Rode up in his new crested car.
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

On a stone by the banks where the Danube doth roll,
Engraved in characters clear,
Is, "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bul-Bul Amir."

A Muscovite maid her long vigil doth keep,
Alone 'neath the cold northern star,
And the name that she murmurs in vain as she weeps,
Is Ivan Petrovsky Skivar.

FILIAL JOY

Hurray, hurray, my father's going to be hung.
Hurray, hurray, the mean old son of a gun:
For he was very mean to me
When I was very young
And now I'll get even with father

Hurray, hurray, my father's going to be hung.
Hurray, hurray, they're going to hang him today
For he was very mean to me
When I was very young
And now I'll get even with father

WAR RISK INSURANCE

(Chopin's—or somebody's—Funeral March)

Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Wont they be excited
Wont they be delighted
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks

Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
He tried to spin a Jenny
He made one turn too many
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks

Somebody hit me with a codfish ball
Somebody hit me with a codfish ball
Somebody hit me with a co-od fi-ish ba-all
With a cod, with a co-od fish ball.

CAVIAR TO THE GENERAL

Caviar comes from vurgeon sturgeon
Vurgeon sturgeon is a fish
Vurgeon sturgeon needs no urgeon
That's why caviar is my dish.